SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Marriages of the Bourbons.

Some interesting chapters of political history have been devoted to the marriages of the Hapsburgs, most of whose possessions were acquired, according to the well-known epigram, through the mediation, not of Mars, but of Venus. It is true of the Bourbons also that some of their marriages had a political significance. Both of the marriages of Henry IV. were unlucky, and the second frustrated for a time his political purposes. The marriage of Louis XIII. to the Infanta, Anne of Austria, and that of Louis XIV. to her niece, the Infanta Marie Theresa, supplied pretexts for the war of the Spanish succession, and eventually placed French princes on the throne of Spain and that of the two Sicilies. The marriage of the grandson and heir of Louis XV. to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette was an outcome of a revolution in the attitude of France toward the house of Austria. But it is not only or mainly the political purport of these really important alliances which is discussed in the two stout volumes entitled "*The Marriages of the Bourbons*," by Capt. the Hon. D. BINGHAM (Scribner & Welford). The author has something to say about the marriages contracted by all the members of the house of Bourbon from Robert, Count of Clermont (the sixth son of St. Louis, who got the lordship of Bourbon by marrying the heiress, Beatrice), to the Count of Paris and Don Carlos in our own day. These legitimate unions occupy, however, but a small part of these volumes, Capt. Bingham being much more interested in the marriages of the left hand, for barefaced accounts of which he has raked over the dust heaps of memoirs and correspondence with the eye of a scavenger rather than that of an historian. The author's dates and statements of historical fact are so often incorrect that his book can only be read with profit by those who are already conversant with the history of France. It is rather a compilation of gossip and scandal than of sifted and verified truth, and when we note the gusto with which the author dwells on unsavory details, and especially on a certain incident in the life of Louis XIII. (which there is a pretence of veiling in Italian), we are at a loss to understand the effrontery which dedicated these volumes to a lady.

I.

We would not deny, however, that some pleasant half hours may be passed in skimming over "The Marriages of the Bourbons" by one who knows what to skip, for there are long tracts of dulness in the book as well as blotches of obnoxious scandal. It is not worth while, for instance, to waste time on that part of the first volume which precedes the marriage of Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, to Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter and heiress of Henri d'Albret, the partially dispossessed King of Navarre. We scarcely need remind the reader that the only son of this marriage who survived was destined to be Henry IV. of France. The author condenses from contemporary chronicles the following account of Henry's birth: "As Jeanne was in a fair way to become a mother again, the King of Navarre [her father] insisted that she should repair to Bearn to be confined, and he threatened to disinherit his son-in-law should he refuse. On the night of Dec. 13, 1553, Jeanne d'Albret was delivered of another son in the middle of a song, which in obedience to her father she began to sing when the pains of childbirth seized her. The child is said to have come into the world without uttering a cry. His grandfather wrapped him up in a corner of his dressing gown, rubbed his lips with garlic, and gave him a few drops of Jurançon wine, which the infant appeared to relish." We are told, further, that Henry had eight wet nurses, one after the other, and that his tortoise-shell cradle is still to be seen at Pau, a sham cradle having been substituted for the real one in 1793, and smashed to pieces by the mob.

Concerning the first wife of Henry IV., Marguerite de Valois, whose eyes were made to set the world in a blaze, and whose loveliness so astonished the Polish ambassadors that they were petrified, Capt. Bingham quotes Brantome to the following effect: "To speak then of the beauty of this rare princess, I believe that the beauty of all others who are, who are to come, and who have been, are ugly compared to her, and are not beauties." She never captivated her husband, however, apparently because she made no effort to conceal her dislike for him and her preference for the Duke of Guise. It is noteworthy that there was no offspring of this marriage, although both husband and wife had children by others. It is well known that Marguerite was subsequently divorced, and that both before that event and afterward she led a scandalous life. But what could be expected of a young woman brought up at the court of Catherine de Medicis! She was quite capable of affection for the wrong persons, and when one of her lovers, La Mole, was decapitated, she took his head to the chapel of St. Martin and buried it with her own hands. The author cites much contemporary testimony to the amiability and generosity of Gabrielle d'Estrées, to whom Henry IV. remained devotedly attached as long as she lived, and whom he would undoubtedly have married had she lived a few weeks longer. According to Cheverny, Gabrielle, although a Catholic, did more toward obtaining the Edict of Nantes than Sully and all the diplomats of the Huguenot party. It is strange, as Capt. Bingham says, that the issuance of that edict should have been attributable to the Catholic mistress of Henry IV., while its revocation was due in no small measure to the second wife of his grandson, who was herself the granddaughter of the Calvinist D'Aubigné. Of Henry's second wife, Marie de Medicis, we are told that at the age of 19 (1592), when her portrait was brought to the King of France, she was very beautiful; but that when the marriage took place, eight years later, she had grown stout, her eyes were devoid of expression, and the King expressed his dissatisfaction to he courtiers. Whether she was herself immaculate is doubtful, but the King irreparably offended her by leaving her the day after the wedding and returning to his old ways. Sully relates that on one occasion, just before the birth of the dauphin (afterward Louis XIII.), words ran so high between the King and his wife that the Queen flew at his Majesty and would have struck him had he not seized her by the arm. Henry IV. had fourteen children, six by Marie de Medicis, the others illegitimate.

II.

Did Anne of Austria, after the death of Louis XIII., marry Cardinal Mazarin? Michelet maintains the affirmative, and asserts that Mazarin was only a lay Cardinal, and not a priest. This is a mistake, but it is true, as Michelet goes on to say, that other Cardinals had married, as, for instance, Cardinal Jean Casimir on becoming King of Poland, and Cardinal Lorraine on assuming the dukedom of Lorraine. But they, as Capt. Bingham points out, laid down the cardinalate upon their marriage, whereas Mazarin remained Cardinal until his death. It is incredible that the Pope would, under such circumstances, have given Mazarin a dispensation to marry. That Mazarin must have been on very intimate relations with the Queen is shown by his letters to her; but Anne of Austria protested to her confidant, Mme. de Brienne, that her senses had no share in her feeling of affection for the Cardinal. As to the question whether she reciprocated the attachment of the Duke of Buckingham, she avowed to Mme. de Motteville that if an honest woman could love any one else but her husband, it was Villiers who would have pleased her. It is well known that the relations between her and Louis XIII. were extremely cold and distant, and that Louis XIV. was not born until twenty-two years after the wedding. It seems that Mlle Lafayette, who had succeeded Mlle. d'Hautefort in the platonic affections of Louis XIII., entered in 1637 a Paris convent, where, however, the King used often to visit and converse with her. When he was returning from one of these visits, toward the end of that year, an event which had memorable consequences occurred. Surprised by a storm and unable to get back to Grosbois, where he had been hunting, the King, much against his will, was obliged to ask the Queen to give him shelter for the night. At the Louvre, strangely enough, there was neither table nor bed, so Anne of Austria invited her husband to supper and to share her couch. Louis XIV. was born Sept. 3, 1638.

We have seen that Henry IV. came within a hair's breadth of marrying Gabrielle d'Estrées. Indeed, the wedding gown and ring had been purchased. His grandson, Louis XIV., could only with the utmost difficulty be dissuaded from marrying Marie Mancini, one of the fascinating nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. According to Chantelauze, Louis XIV. was mainly indebted for the refined and cultivated tastes which he afterward exhibited to this Italian girl "full of poetry and flame." He enlarges upon her resemblance to Agnes Sorel in this particular—she was never the mistress of Louis—in the following passage quoted by Capt. Bingham: "Marie Mancini placed in his hands all the books she admired, and taught him to appreciate them. She gave him lessons in Italian, which allowed him to understand the beauties of Ariosto and Tasso. She inspired him, if not with a taste, with a passion for the fine arts, to which he remained faithful. Her conversation was brilliant, varied, and interesting, and charmed the most eminent courtiers, such as St. Evermond and La Rochefoucauld, who did not disdain to discuss with her politics, history, and morals. In these conversations the King would take part, and he always showed himself proud of the success of his friend. Marie, too, would read out the fashionable novels and tragedies of the day with great feeling, and her Italian accent is said to have lent a strange charm to her diction. In fact, it was Marie Mancini who undertook the literary education of a prince who became the Mæcenas of his age. She inspired him with a love of power and glory, and made him remember that he was a King." Notwithstanding his mother's opposition, Louis XIV. was for a long time resolved to marry Marie Mancini, and it was Mazarin who prevented the elevation of his niece. Mme. de Motteville recounts in her memoirs how the Cardinal resisted all the King's entreaties, telling him that he could not take advantage of the honor which his sovereign wished to do him in a moment of violent passion—an honor of which the King would repent, and would reproach his aged servant with having accepted when he saw the kingdom revolting in order to prevent him from dishonoring himself by an unworthy marriage. Mazarin further said that he had been chosen by the late King, and since then by the Queen, to aid them with his counsel, and that, having up to that time served them with inviolable fidelity, he would not now abuse their confidence; that he was the master of his niece, and that he would sooner stab her to the heart than elevate her to the throne by committing high treason. It may be doubted, however, whether the Cardinal would have shown himself so obdurate could he have foreseen that Louis XIV. would in his old age marry the widow of the debauched and deformed poet Scarron.

There is no doubt that Louis XIV. had the power of eliciting a disinterested affection. It seems indisputable that both Louise de la Vallière and Mme. de Maintenon loved the man rather than the King. The former is described by her contemporaries as having a beautiful complexion, fair silvery hair, blue eyes, an agreeable smile, and a look at the same time tender and shy. One who knew her, the Duchess of Orleans, has recorded that "there was in her look an inexpressible charm. She had a slender waist; her eyes seemed to me much finer than those of Mme. de Montespan. Her whole bearing was modest; she was a little lame, but that became her." Mme. de Sévigné spoke of her as "the little violet which hid itself under the grass, and which was ashamed of being mistress, of being mother, of being duchess." Her love for the King proved stronger than reason, remorse, or religion; but in the whole of her life she conceived no other attachment. She made no enemies at court, and the only intrigues she indulged in were limited to trying to restore to favor persons who had fallen into disgrace. Twice she fled to a convent, but returned, and, when convinced of the King's indifference, she joined the order of the Carmelites. It is noteworthy that her successor, Mme. de Montespan, when her own turn came to be superseded, went to Sister Louise for consolation. We may add that the Queen herself, the unhappy Maria Theresa, presented Mlle. de la Vallière with the black veil, and Bossuet preached on the occasion.

While following the left-handed marriages of Louis XIV., Capt. Bingham turns aside a moment to recount the story of Mademoiselle, the King's first cousin, who inherited the great fortune of her mother, Mlle. de Montpensier, as well as that of her father, Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. After having having been talked of for the bride of the Emperor, of Louis XIV., the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy, and after refusing Charles II. of England, the King of Portugal, the Duke of Neubourg, Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV, and the heir of the Duke of Lorraine, the Grande Demoiselle at the age of 33 fell in love with the Comte de Lauzun. Her love affair involved more than the ordinary amount of tribulation and vicissitudes, but at the end of more than twenty years she secretly married Lauzun, who treated her with the grossest ingratitude, harshness, and contempt. Coming home one day from hunting, he said to the granddaughter of Henry IV.: "Louise, pull off my boots." They did not live long together; she refused when on her deathbed to see him, and she did not leave him a sou in her will.

III.

One of the most entertaining chapters in this book is devoted to Françoise d'Aubigné, who was born in a prison and lived to be the wife of the master of Versailles. It was, we learn, a curious accident that brought the poet Scarron and Françoise d'Aubigné together. Scarron was poor and in constant pain, and he suffered from partial paralysis, brought on by hard drinking. A friend persuaded him that if he could manage to go to Martinique he would be able to make his fortune, and that the climate would cure him. Scarron learned that Mme. d'Aubigné, a lady living opposite, had lived in Martinique and could tell him all about the island. An acquaintance followed, and one day Mlle. d'Aubigné, in "a short dress and provincial toilet," was introduced to the poet and his friends. She was very pretty, very timid, and so nervous that she cried on entering the room. Shortly after this visit Mme. d'Aubigné retired to Poitou, where she died, and Françoise was committed to the care of a Mme. de Neuillant, who treated her with great harshness, and kept her almost naked through avarice. At first out of pity, but by and by through love, the needy and deformed poet allowed the idea of marrying Mlle. d'Aubigné to grow upon him. It was, as he himself owned, an extreme example of poetical license. The marriage took place in 1652. The bride, then 17 years old, had, according to Scarron, an income of four louis, two large eyes, very roguish (*fort mutins*), a very handsome corsage, a pair of pretty hands, and a great deal of intellect. When asked by the notary what dowry he gave his wife, Scarron replied: "Immortality; the names of the wives of kings die with them; that of the wife of Scarron will live through eternity." It was not, however, as the wife of Scarron that Françoise d'Aubigné was destined to be best remembered. We may add that so limited was the poor girl's wardrobe that she had to borrow her bridal garments. To Scarron she was at once secretary, pupil, critic, and nurse, and she developed in his society an extraordinary talent for pleasing and conversational charm. It is related that on one occasion the servant whispered in her ear, "Madame, another story; we have no roast to-day." That Mme. Scarron led an exemplary life and in no way deserved the gibes of St. Simon is proved by unimpeachable authorities. Even Tallemant des Réaux, who calumniated everybody, could see no ill in her, and Ninon de l'Enclos said afterward, when both were old: "Mme. de Maintenon, in her youth, was virtuous, through weak-mindedness; I wished to cure her, but her fear of God was too great." It was to Ninon, by the way, that Mme. Scarron wrote after her husband's death, explaining why, although left destitute she had refused the hand of a wealthy but dissolute noble: "My husband was good at bottom—I cured him of his licentiousness; he was neither wild nor vicious at heart; his probity was never called in question, and his disinterestedness was without example." She addressed two petitions to the King, her future husband, but they were not even read. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "if I were in favor how differently I should treat the unfortunate." A little later, however, her small pension of 2,700 livres was restored to her, and after 1669 she was made governess to the children of Mme. de Montespan by Louis XIV. For some years the utmost secrecy was observed in regard to her functions. According to Mme. de Caylus, "the birth of the children was always shrouded in mystery. When the moment came Mme. Scarron was sent for, and she carried the infant away, concealing it in her scarf, hiding herself behind a mask, and taking a fiacre to return to Paris, being very much afraid lest the child should cry." After the children were legitimized she went with them to the court, assuming the name of Mme. de Maintenon, and in 1680, at the age of 45, became mistress of the robes to the dauphiness. Her conversation interested the King in the highest degree, a fact which gave rise to jealousy and heartburning on the part of Mme. de Montespan, who was finally ordered to retire from the court, the message being conveyed to her by her son, the Duc de Maine. When the Queen died in 1683, the King became more ardently devoted to Mme. de Maintenon. He wished her to become his mistress, but she firmly refused. As she wrote herself, she sent him away, "always in despair, but never disheartened." There is no doubt that in order to quiet her scruples a marriage took place shortly before or shortly after 1685, when Louis was 47 and Mme. de Maintenon was 50 years of age. There exists proof positive of the marriage—which was never doubted by contemporaries—in a letter to the King from the Bishop of Chartres, the spiritual director of Mme. de Maintenon. It was strictly, however, a marriage of conscience, and the wife, respecting the wishes of her husband, took the greatest pains to suppress all trace of the ceremony. To the end she never betrayed the King's confidence, asked for but little on behalf of her relatives, and nothing for herself. The widow of Louis XIV. left Versailles in indigence, but the Regent Philippe d'Orleans, though he had no cause to thank her for her devotion to her foster child, the Duc de Maine, was too magnanimous to let her suffer want. Nothwithstanding she was three years older than the King, who had by no means been noted for constancy, her hold upon his heart and mind remained unshaken during their thirty years of married life. *Quid femina prudens!*

IV.

Louis XV. was 15 years old when in 1725 he married Marie Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislas Leczinski, the exiled King of Poland, who was then living in Alsace on a small pension furnished by the French Government. We are told that the Duc de Bourbon, who after the death of Philippe d'Orleans had become Prime Minister, presented to the King a list of 100 marriageable princesses, from whom, however, he had eliminated forty-four as too old, twenty-nine as too young, and ten not considered suitable on the score of birth. Among the latter was Marie Leczinska, but she had a powerful advocate in the Duke's mistress, Mme. de Prie, who thought that the Polish princess, being of an extremely docile character, and owing her position to the favorite of the Prime Minister, and having no one to support her either in France or abroad, would no doubt show gratitude and be easy to manage. The Duke was persuaded to approve of the match, and the King gave his consent "with all the indifference of a child." It is said that when Stanislas received the proposal from the French Ambassador he rushed into the room where his wife and daughter were sitting and exclaimed, "Let us go down on our knees and thank God!" The parents were sore distressed, however, to learn that they would not be allowed to sit at table with their daughter after the marriage. It was finally decided that in private Marie could dine with her parents as usual, but in public she was to have the place of honor—that is to say, between her father and mother. The young Queen was a thoroughly good woman, and bore the trials to which she was afterward subjected with gentleness and resignation. Had her father been vigorously backed by her husband he might have recovered the crown of Poland. As it was, he was made Duke of Lorraine for life, the duchy reverting to France after his death.

Up to the age of twenty-five Louis XV. was faithful to his wife, but a court without intrigues was not to the taste of the courtiers. The Duc de Richelieu organized a species of anti-conjugal conspiracy, which resulted in the Comtesse de Mailly becoming the mistress of the King, a position successively occupied by every one of her four sisters. Of these, the youngest and least disinterested was Mme. de Tournelle, who had herself made Duchesse de Chateauroux, but who died at twenty-seven under circumstances that suggested poisoning. These ladies were of excellent noblesse, being daughters of the house of Nesle. Their successor was a bourgeoise, a Mlle. Poisson, married to a M. Lenormand. It is said that when she was but nine years old a fortune teller predicted that she would become the mistress of Louis XV., and that her mother assiduously trained her for the post. It is certain that she was admirably educated and accomplished, and that by the charm of her intellect she retained a complete ascendancy over the King long after she had ceased to be physically attractive. She was 22 years old when, in 1745, she was regularly installed at Versailles as favorite and created Marquise de Pompadour, and her reign was uninterrupted until her death in 1764. According to St. Beuve, she loved the King for himself, but she was naturally of a cold temperament and could love nobody with passion. Of her character it is difficult to speak with decision. There was scarcely a court lady who could throw a stone at her, for, except on the part of Marie Leczinska, conjugal fidelity hardly existed at Versailles. Writing of this epoch, Taine says that a certain Duke, whose wife had given cause for scandal, complained to his mother-in-law, who replied, "Ah, sir, you make much ado about nothing. Your father was much better company." Taine also recounts that a husband said to his wife, "I will allow you anything but princes and valets," the two extremes being considered equally liable to give rise to scandal. It is certain that France is indebted to Mme. de Pompadour for the manufacture of Sèvres. She is said, moreover, to have contemplated finishing the Louvre, a work reserved for Napoleon III. It is undeniable that she was a patron of literature as well as art, and that she protected against the Jesuits such writers as Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. She left behind her real estate and other property of enormous value. Her country houses included Bellevue, Babiole, Brimborion, Ménars, Crécy, Montretout, and Celle, besides which she had hermitages at Compiègne and Fontainebleau, and the mansion in Paris which is now called the Elysée, and is occupied by President Carnot. She spent 2,000,000 francs on diamonds and 3,000,000 on carriages and horses. It took two years to sell off her furniture.

V.

As to Mme. du Barry, the successor of Mme. de Pompadour, Capt. Bingham follows M. Charles Vatel in holding that the current account accepted by Carlyle and other historians is mythical, and that her story needs to be entirely rewritten. There is no doubt that she was the natural daughter of a woman called Bécu, but at a very early age she was placed at a convent, where she remained until she was 15, and received quite as good an education as was possessed by most of the contemporary great ladies. It appears that she read Cicero, Demosthenes, and had a taste for Shakespeare, buying an English edition of his plays when she was in England, and that she had dipped into Voltaire. It is, nevertheless, true that after leaving the convent she became a lady's maid, then a milliner, and at the time when she attracted the notice of the King, was living in quasi marital relations with a certain Jean du Barry. As the King, having Mme. de Maintenon's conquest of his great grandfather before his eyes, insisted that Jeanne should marry before being installed at Court as *maîtresse en titre*, and as Jean du Barry already had a wife, a husband was found for her in the person of his brother William, a captain of marines, who was styled Count for the occasion. In spite of her humble, not to say disreputable antecedents, we find Mme. du Barry, in 1769, inhabiting a wing of the Palace of Versailles, presented at Court to the King and the royal family by the Comtesse de Bearn, going through the ordeal without a blunder, attending the King's mass in the royal chapel on Sunday, sitting at table with the King's daughters and playing at cards with the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette. Her extraordinary beauty is undisputed. Her figure, her arms, her hands, excited the passionate admiration of Mirabeau, who declared that she had "received from nature a collection of beauties of all kinds, from superb hair so thick and of so lovely a tint, down to her feet, modelled by the hands of the Graces." She was full of life and fun, and gifted not only with a good heart, but with a fund of common sense. Mirabeau did her the justice to acknowledge that she never persuaded Louis XV. to commit a cruel or wrong act, and never had any one sent to the Bastile. Even the Duc de Choiseul, who was mainly responsible for the calumnies showered upon her, she treated with singular generosity when he was in pecuniary straits. She is known to have exercised her power on several occasions in favor of clemency and humanity. Once she saved from the death penalty a poor girl who had been delivered of a still-born child, but who had been sentenced for not giving notice that she was enceinte. Voltaire, though he belonged to the Choiseul faction, pronounced her a good woman. Just before the death of Louis XV., Mme. du Barry had her marriage annulled, and she really seems to have contemplated persuading the King to do for her what Louis XIV. had done for Mme. de Maintenon. When the King died in 1774, she was consigned to a convent for a year, but was afterward allowed to return to Louveciennes, the delightful residence which Louis XV. had given her. Far from despoiling her, the Government gave her £50,000 in exchange for a claim of £2,000 a year on the city of Paris. In 1777 the Emperor Joseph II., when on a visit to his sister, Marie Antoinette, strolled over to Louveciennes, and spent a couple of hours with Mme. du Barry. Among the subsequent ardent admirers of the quondam favorite were Lord Henry Seymour and the Duc de Brissac, to both of whom she wrote letters, which are extant, and which reflect not a little credit, it is said, on certain aspects of her character. In 1791 she offered Marie Antoinette everything that she possessed, but the offer was refused. In the same year, being in England, she dined, as Horace Walpole tells us, with the Prince of Wales at the Duke of Queensberry's. She had hardly got back to France when she was arrested, but the people living near her petitioned the Assembly, and gave such a touching description of her readiness to relieve the poor that the order of arrest was countermanded. She had a relentless enemy, however, in a man named Grieves, said to have been a representative of the United States, who denounced her to the revolutionary tribunal. She was tried on the charge of conspiring in England against the republic, sentenced at 11 o'clock in the evening, and guillotined at 11 the next morning. On the scaffold she exhibited a want of fortitude, but, as Capt. Bingham pertinently says, if other women had shrieked and resisted the executioners the reign of terror would not have lasted as long as it did.

The compiler of these volumes seems disposed to side rather with the critics than with the champions of Marie Antoinette. There is no doubt that for many years she was an inveterate and desperate gambler. Faro was her favorite game. But trouble and peril brought out the strong and noble elements of her character, and in 1793 the daughter of Maria Theresa was very unlike the woman that she had been twenty years before. M. W. H.

ART IN IVORY.

New York Collections—An American Artist.

From the Collector.

The value of ivory as a vehicle in art was recognized when art itself was groping in the darkness of the primitive ages. The Greeks gave it its glorification. The legendary splendors of the Jupiter of Phidias may amplify upon the genius of the artist, but they cannot do more than justice to the material of which this storied masterpiece was composed. In the whole range of natural products offered to the artist's hand, none excels this prize of the African desert and the Indian jungle in captivating beauty. Marble is cold beside it, and clay coarse in the most refined hand. Like gold among the metals, it has no rival, and it is more precious and perilous than gold, since its natural construction restricts the dimensions in which it may be employed, and renders the scar of a false touch irredeemably conspicuous. There are carvers in ivory and artists. Of the former it can only be said that they carve well, and their errors and successes go hand in hand. Of the artist in ivory a different tale is to be told. In his hands the material takes a unique life and beauty, like the rough diamond made glorious under the lapidary's skilful fingers. But where the lapidary simply releases from the gray pebble the imprisoned splendors of the gem he polishes, the ivory sculptor creates in a fragment of bone a complete revolution, from a thing of crude and rude substance to one of grace and beauty.

Probably the most extensive collection of ivory carvings in the United States is that of Mr. James F. Drummond of this city. It may be averaged as containing at least a thousand pieces, and its owner, in spite of a stereotyped declaration that he will buy no more, is constantly adding to it. Mr. Drummond's collection is almost entirely Oriental, and betrays in its selection the judgment of the true amateur and artistic expert. There are in it a few European pieces, each, in itself, a gem. Another local collection of a similar character is that of Mr. MacMartin of this city. In it Japanese carvings predominate, if, indeed, they do not hold complete monopoly. Mr. W. C. Oastler has a brilliant collection of Japanese ivories, and the collection of netsukes of Mr. R. Austin Robertson is one of the most fascinating features of his cabinets of masterpieces of Japanese and Chinese art. Mr. E. D. Church's is another notable New York collection. It is mainly Japanese, though it contains some fine Italian pieces.

This predominance of Orientalism in ivory collecting is due to the fact that comparatively few fine European pieces come to this country. Of those that do Mr. G. P. Morosini possesses a notable number of the best examples, particularly of Italian origin. Mr. E. C. Moore has also a number of noble and beautiful European pieces, and Mr. Henry T. Cox of Brooklyn a collection as choice in character as it is limited in numbers. Mr. John W. Mason of Brooklyn, Mr. Henry Graves of Orange, and Mr. Thomas B. Clarke of this city are also possessors of high-class specimens of Oriental art in ivory. Latterly, Mr. James W. Ellsworth of Chicago has become the owner of some priceless pieces, and the ivories of Mr. Bement of Philadelphia form an important part of his collections. There are probably five hundred objects in ivory in Mr. Bement's cabinets.

For their supplies of art in ivory the collectors have to look abroad, to France, Germany, Italy, or the farther Orient. The honors of the art of ivory carving in this country rest entirely on the shoulders of one man—a young man, full of the enthusiasm and fire of art, whose labor has, with him, much of the gravity of a religious rite. The son of a German, this artist brings into our veneered and artificialized life a souvenir of the simple and frank spirit which made Durer and Holbein immortal. In his open, blond face, with lines as delicate as his own chiselings, is reflected the brightness and sincerity of that hopeful heart of the artist, as pure, as ductile, and as strong as virgin gold. Commencing the study of art as a schoolboy, watching the labor of a pipe carver in his father's workshop, F. R. Kaldenberg continues it to-day, in the same singleness of spirit, with no thought beyond his labor and no ambition save for its results. His earliest important sculpture in ivory, a copy of the Venus of Milo, twenty-one inches in height, executed from the original marble, exhibits already, in its soft and subtle plasticity, the manipulation of a master. His latest, a characterization of the "Mignon" of Goethe, a magnificent tusk chiseled into a magnificent head over fifteen inches in height, gives him definite and permanent rank as an original and creative artist. Nothing could be more gracious than the touch with which he gives us the delicate modelling of this child's face, just a trifle saddened by pensiveness, with carelessly trained locks pencilling her brow, and the twisted scarf, with which she is to dance the saraband dance, crowning her head. A triumphant work which the artist has in contemplation is a crucifix, which he proposes shall be the largest of this material ever carved. Its commencement awaits the arrival of a tusk of the proper dimensions and quality, for which an order has been in the hands of the Zanzibar traders for more than a year.

In some newspaper paragraph, now wandering about in the press, I found the other day a description of an ivory carving alleged to be "beautifully colored and gilt." This is an impossibility. Ivory, like the lily, is perfect in its native purity alone.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Easter Lilies.

In purple and crimson glory
The Easter sunlight poured
A flood through the chancel windows
In the temple of our Lord.
Its waves passed over the altar
To bathe the Cross with their glow,
And stain the lilies with crimson,
Like sunset over the snow.

Till every fragrant chalice
Seemed filled to the brim with wine,
Distilling there into vapor
And rising in clouds divine.
Farther and farther the incense
Its delicate perfume spread,
Like loving thoughts sent earthward
By souls of our happy dead.

With prayers from our hearts uprising,
Which mingled and seemed to reach
Through the space 'twixt earth and heaven,
So blending them each with each.
That my soul could feel the presence,
The smile, and the tender eyes,
Of one who gathers the lilies
In gardens of Paradise.

H. F. BLODGETT.

Easter Eve.

From the Catholic World.

How beautiful the feet of Him
Who on the everlasting hills,
Quick with the glory of new birth,
The Resurrection brings to Earth!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
Break glorious on the world beneath,
Old sins undone, old griefs outworn,
Life victor over Life and Death!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
Touch with thy light the eastern slopes
Where, waiting till the final dawn,
Lie buried loves and buried hopes.

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
They too shall rise that sleep beneath;
All hearts, all hopes, that died forlorn
Shall rise and live and know not Death!

O happy Night, so soon to die
In light, in strength, in victory!

Have in thy keeping, holy Night,
All souls that watch, all souls that stray,
All souls that sin, all souls that pray;
Lay thou thy balm to every smart,
Lay thy dear peace to every heart,
Till glorious in the wakening skies
The Easter sun arise.

M. J. M.

Coming Home.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Och! mother dear, I'm comin' home,
I'm growin' ould, my health is breakin';
I've been to Delhi an' to Rome,
To the Crimaya an' to Paykin;
I've won some medals, an' they say
Victoria's cross is thought a lot of,
But troth I felt the other day
I'd rather have the leg they shot off.

I've seen quare places, purty spots,
Oud make yer eyes stare wide wid wondher,
Their names oud tie yer tongue in knots,
Even Father Thade himself oud blundher.
It's mighty grand, St. Pether's dome,
But faith I ax his saintship's pardon,
For prayin' there I thought of home,
Of the ould mud hut an' pratee garden!

Well, thin, the Rooshian girls wor kind,
An' on the sly I often kissed them,
But Molly darlin' needn't mind,
Shure Rooshia's fur, she never missed them;
An' in the night, when loved wans came,
Dear Molly's lips to mine wor pressin',
Thin wakin' from that pleasant dhrame,
I felt an angel left her blessin'.

So back, dear mother, I'll come home,
Forget the past, an' how I spint it;
My heart is whole an' all yer own,
Except the spot that Molly rinted.
An' wance I'm home, a full three quather
I'll make my darlin'—not better half;
Or av I die upon the wather
I'll send my ghost by telergaph.

HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWEENEY.

The Way It Is Said.

From the Hebrew Journal.

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream,
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream.

An omen of terrible import and doubt,
His teeth all in one moment fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood at the throne in solemn array;

And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold.

And all stood silent, in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.

At length a soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say;

"'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high,
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the Sultan; he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe,

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook as the Sultan's eye
Swept 'round to see who next would try;

But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone.

"Exult, O, head of a happy state!
Rejoice, O, heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
O, Sultan, to outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks,
And each won whispers what each one thinks:

"Well can the Sultan reward and blame;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old Vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

Courtship in Boston.

From the Boston Courier.

Although there's frequently alloy
Mixed in, alas! with pleasure human,
The days of courtship bring much joy
To youthful man and youthful woman;

Through lilac scented leaves to rove,
When Cynthia fair is brightly beaming,
Or sit beside the parlor stove
On winter eves, Love's young dream dreaming;

Or by the river's marge to stroll,
When on the stream the sunlight dances,
"Two heads beneath one parasol,"
While glances meet love's tender glances,

Then youth hath reached its joyous June;
Life's skies are cloudless, clear and sunny,
But soon will come the honeymoon
And all the sweets of matrimony.

On the Stairs.

From the Bostonian.

In a ballroom bright 'tis gay to whirl
Or watch the circling pairs,
But give me with some dear, nice girl,
A seat upon the stairs.

'Tis such a democratic place,
No room for queenly airs,
Proud belles stoop down to lowliest grace
When resting on the stairs.

For timid swains it hath a charm
To cure the worst despairs;
And shyest maids take no alarm
At sitting on the stairs.

The music may enchanting be,
The waltz a dream—who cares?
I much prefer the dance to see
While whispering on the stairs.

Why strive for station, wealth or pride?
A prince no better fares
Than a happy lover close beside
His sweetheart on the stairs.

No throne of kings, nor four years' seat
In Presidential chairs
Could yield to me such rapture sweet
As sitting on the stairs.

MADELINE SUSANNAH BRIDGES.

Love's Logic.

From Drake's Magazine.

I am a woman, and I love you, yet
I'm not a thing of changeling smiles and tears;
Of pretty wiles, alternate hopes, and fears,
To weep when you are harsh, and then forget
And laugh my grief away when your brow's tempest clears.

I am a woman, and I love you, though
'Tis not because you seek me, nor because
Your eyes command me while your voice makes pause;
You have revealed yourself to me. I know
That your's is not a nature free from flaws.

I am a woman, but my love means not
Submission to some other mind's control,
Surrender of my body and my soul;
The love I give to you I'd give unsought,
Since loving you makes my poor half life whole.

ELIZABETH LEIGH.

Mary's Mistake.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
It strayed away one summer day
Where lambs should never go.

Then Mary sat her quickly down
And tears streamed from her eyes;
She never found the lamb, because
She did not advertise.

And Mary had a brother John,
Who kept a village store;
He sat him down and smoked his pipe
And watched the open door.

And as the people passed along
And did not stop to buy,
John still sat down and smoked his pipe
And blinked his sleepy eye.

And so the Sheriff closed him out,
But still he lingered near,
And Mary came to drop with him
A sympathetic tear.

"How is it, sister, can you tell
Why other merchants here
Sell all their goods so readily
And thrive from year to year?"

Remembering her own bad luck
The little maid replies:
"Those other fellows get there, John,
Because they advertise."

More Coyness.

From the Merchant Traveler.

"G way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!
Yo' heah me,
Don yo' came aneah me,
'Niess yo' want er biff
On de mouf
Knock yo' souf
Bout er mile!
Don yo' smile
When I say
'G way'"
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Coz I feels
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pusson sips
De honey from dese lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
An' yo' squeezin',
'G way,
I say!
Ah!" Yap—Yap
Callum!

THE GOLDEN CALF OF ISRAEL.

The Anti-Semitic Movement in France is Not Against the Jews Themselves, but Against their Sponsors in Society.

PARIS, March 14.—When, a few years ago, Monsieur Edouard Drumont wrote "La France Juive," the appearance of the volume created a lively interest, while it provoked violent criticism and not a little wrath.

Strangely enough, the Israelites themselves, who were so severely handled, were those who protested the least. They have, it is true, for the last hundred years been admitted by the State to a footing of absolute equality with the other French citizens, but they have not as yet divested themselves of the habits of reserve, prudence, and humility contracted during long years of persecution. The severest censors of M. Dumont's work were the Christians; in the first rank stood the liberal-minded people, indignant at this return to old prejudices of race and religious intolerance. They were sincere, and animated by a praiseworthy impulse of generosity. They were not, however, the only malcontents. A number of distinguished persons, notable in Paris society, who had adopted, received, and, so to speak, launched into the world, rich and prominent members of the Israelite community, were alarmed at the consequences of M. Drumont's virulent attack on the whole Jewish nation; some even considered themselves directly insulted; the fiery polemist having accused them personally of deserting the faith of Christ and the flag of the Arian. Among the most important of those whom M. Drumont thus attacked were the Princes of Orleans, whose friendly relations with the Rothschilds and Baron Hirsch are well known, and the *enfant terrible* of the Royalist party, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, whose intimacy with M. Arthur Mayer, the Jewish editor of one of the principal Catholic papers, had at that time created a surprise not unmingled with scandal. It may be remarked here that the association of two such apparently opposite opinions is the singular outcome of the social, political, and religious disturbances which convulse France at the present time. In defending the Jews these illustrious advocates defended themselves; their advocacy and indignation were not wholly disinterested.

In spite of their vehement protestations and loud disclaimer; in spite of M. Drumont's exaggerations and the numerous inaccuracies by which he damaged his cause, his book had the success which befalls all strong and vigorous works written with conviction; the author's perfect good faith has never been denied, and carried weight with public opinion. A sudden onslaught excites the natural ire of the victim, but sometimes, as he rubs his bruised shoulders, he will acknowledge *in petto* that he has laid himself open to it.

Moreover, at this period of moral laxity, noticeable everywhere, but especially in France, a serious belief, expressed with frankness and energy, produces a deep impression, and *nolens volens* makes converts; all the more so as Frenchmen are hasty and brave, and as M. Drumont showed a certain not inconsiderable intrepidity in thus openly and imperiously avowing an opinion which he knew would excite the anger of powerful antagonists.

In brief, this is what happened: People who already professed a more or less avowed antipathy for the Jews were confirmed in this dislike and did not scruple to proclaim it aloud; people who had remained neutral because they had never considered the question inclined to the judgment presented to them so forcibly. Those who chivalrously took up the defence of the once-oppressed race were led to ask themselves whether it might not be apprehended that the oppressed should in their turn become the oppressors, as when in the Southern States of North America the black slaves of a quarter of a century ago threatened to acquire a supremacy over their old masters.

Finally, in presence of this turmoil in public opinion, some of the personal adherents of the Israelites, fearing to compromise themselves, began to view their late friends with distrust and to treat them with marked coldness. This is a fact of appreciation only, which cannot be demonstrated by material proof, but in support of which it is necessary to refer to the affirmation of those who have observed the consequences with impartial attention in that portion of Parisian society which has the justified pretension of representing in a great measure the whole of the society of France. The reality of an anti-Semitic movement cannot be denied and its roots lie deeper than is generally supposed by the superficial spectator.

In what does this movement consist? The inherent exaggeration of language, more than of ideas, confuses everything. Certain persons affect to believe or believe sincerely that we may yet see a St. Bartholomew of the Jews, or at least a general expulsion of the race and their property given up to pillage. But it is a pure fancy; and granting even that these ideas have germinated in some crazed intellects, no one not utterly blind to the state of mind in France would deem it possible to see those fancies realized. The French nation has never been more inclined for order and peace than it is now; never has the security of individuals and property been more complete. Even socialism, the great disturbing element of the actual organization of society, is perhaps less powerful in France than in any other country. If the Government is weak in a political point of view, it is endowed with indomitable strength in all concerning the safeguards of law. The Jews are French citizens, and such they will remain. Any one capable of making allowances for the wordy exaggerations of a few excited orators must be fully convinced that it has never entered the head of the most violent among them to commit any actual violence on the Israelites.

It may be asked, In what consists the anti-Semitic movement which has taken body in the form of a "League" and has created so ardent a controversy? It is purely a nonsensical, wordy movement. Shorn of the fallacious exaggerations of enemies and of the venomous commentaries by which the defenders of Israel aggravate the situation, the real anti-Semitic idea is the following:

In the first place, there is absolutely no question of a religious war. France is not religious enough ever to become fanatical. When some of her statesmen are seriously considering the opportunity of granting to five millions of Mussulman subjects the privileges and rights of French citizens, would they dream of proscribing one hundred thousand Frenchmen because they are not Christians? Decidedly not. Yet this is what the anti-Semitics assert. The Jews are not Frenchmen any more than the English, the Germans, or the Spaniards; they are Jews, and it is a question of antagonism of race. The Aryans and the Semitics might simmer together for centuries in the same crucible and they would never amalgamate. It is not even a question of descent from Shem or Japheth. The Arabs are Semitic, and yet we get on better with them than with the Hebrews, and the Hebrews, though they are Semitic, get on worse with the Arabs even than with us. The Hebrew race has remained intact. Its migrations and naturalization in all the countries of the world have not changed it, a fact readily accounted for when it is remembered that always and everywhere, spurned by other races unwilling to contract alliance with them, the Jews have, until quite lately, married among themselves and remained imperiously faithful to their customs and traditions. They are antipathetic to all other races, and ever since they went forth from their own land they have been merely tolerated in other lands. It would take too long to seek the reason why, and it might be difficult to ascertain it with certainty; but the indisputable fact exists and will remain an insuperable obstacle like all barriers arising from instinctive enmity.

Nevertheless, by the force of events, the Jews have become citizens of the various States in which they have settled—another fact, material this time, which can no more be controverted than the other moral one of antipathy. As long as the Jews remained confounded in the ranks of the people—as they did, with a very few exceptions—they lived ignored. They were frequently rich, but remained solitary in their wealth, having no influence in society, and we, the Christians, or rather the Aryans, did not trouble ourselves about them. But as soon as the prejudice that maintained them in a sort of moral quarantine disappeared, as soon as they held in their hands a considerable amount of public fortune, they began to exercise an important moral action and it is this action which we oppose because we deem it injurious to French genius. Why do the Alsatians, the Lorraines especially, suffer from having become German subjects? Not because the German Government is worse than the French, but because German genius is antagonistic to ours. France is grieved to think that her whilom sons either groan at their forced promiscuity with the alien or will end by becoming Germanized, disown their country, and cease to be Frenchmen. It is in the same way that we shrink from intimate association with the Jews, lest they should end by Hebraizing the Gaul. It may be objected that the 100,000 Jews are engulfed in the 38,000,000 of Frenchmen. It is not so. Numbers go for nothing when the small minority is insinuating and adroit, as centuries of oppression have made the Hebrews, who in the past owed their existence chiefly to ruse. They have, moreover, the enormous strength of union. They cling together, bound like a solid sheaf, while the Christians have through all ages been broken up into parties. To say that they have the greatest portion of public wealth may be saying too much; but they have a large share of it and own moreover a great deal of money. In a land ruled by democratic institutions money is the sole distinction, the supreme power. It is the wealth of the Jews that the anti-Semitics fear most. With the invasion of the tribes, and not without cause, the worship of the golden calf is making giant strides in French society, and coincides exactly with what might be termed "the worldly naturalization of the Jews." It is singular that Jews are only recognized when they are rich; when, if not actually poor, they are simply in easy circumstances, they do not exist, socially speaking, while even now room is made in the ranks of the "upper ten" for those who, being well born and well educated, are but poorly endowed with worldly goods. The Jews are only received for their diamonds, their horses and carriages, their magnificent balls and luxurious dinners, their opera boxes and racing stables, their hunters and hounds. I do not speak of those who fill a public position, conferring an official and social recognition.

There is at present sufficient indication that the introduction of Jews into society is due to their fortune. We are pained to see princes of the royal blood visit familiarly at the houses of Israelite bankers, some of whom are of doubtful origin, when they abstain from granting the honor to Christians of ancient, even illustrious descent, whose rent roll is far inferior to their nobility. We regret to see artists, literary men, and distinguished persons allow themselves to be attracted by the vulgar show of ostentatious splendor to the houses of the *nouveaux riches*, while they forsake the less sumptuous but more truly French *salons*, of which they were once the ornaments. We blame the Jews for their inoculation of the Hebraic spirit into French society, because it alters its character and loosens the bonds that made its strength, its grace, and its courtesy.

There are other motives yet for deploring this slow, destructive infiltration. Nobody denies the intelligence of the Jews; they have given convincing proof thereof, were it only in their ability to enrich themselves; but the Frenchman of the old school has but a mean opinion of a capacity exclusively commercial. Besides, without claiming that the source of all Christian fortunes is absolutely pure, it must be admitted that the origin of most Israelite wealth is apt to be doubtful. It has in most cases proceeded from equivocal, if legal, operations and what may be called underhand dealings in stocks. Certain delicate consciences are alarmed, not so much because usury has been the source of riches as because the usurers have risen to the top of the ladder.

Let us add that the old severe Israelite virtues have all but disappeared; little remains of the purity of their morals, the austerity of their home life; they neglect even their religious practices; those who are "in society" are silent about their tenets. They allow their daughters to desert their faith in order to marry Christian noblemen, and their apostasy and renunciation of dignity provoke censure. At a dinner, one of the guests, not knowing that a certain Israelite of mark was at the table, said something perfectly outrageous against the Jews, to the discomfiture of all present. The Jew alone seemed to pay no attention to the remark, and continued his conversation with the originator of it, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. Was it to keep his race and faith a secret? No Protestant Englishman would have allowed his nationality and religion to be insulted by a French Catholic without protesting. The man who had unwittingly made the obnoxious observation, on being told later on how inopportune it had been, after feeling natural annoyance at his misadventure and involuntary rudeness, consoled himself by saying, "Bah! if the Jews don't stand up for themselves we should be fools to concern ourselves about their feelings."

Much more might be said on this topic, but it is enough to state in a general way why the Arians decline to be homogeneous with the children of Israel. The expression *Anti-Semitic* in France merely implies that, for the present at least, those who have adopted it wish to prevent a fusion by which one side would gain and the other lose all. They claim that it should not be sufficient for an Israelite to have amassed millions on the Stock Exchange to give him the entrée of aristocratic drawing rooms, even if—as has been done—he has attempted to justify his introduction by giving enormous sums to Christian charities. They do not wish to see the Gallic race, with its glorious past, which they can look back upon proudly in common with all the Aryan races, humble itself before the golden calf of Israel.

The anti-Semitic movement is virtually what it ought to be—a purely social protestation. To reduce the question to its intrinsic value, the movement is directed less against the Jews—since it is not intended to nor could it succeed in depriving them of their rights—than against the Christians who receive them with open arms, selling their patronage for the price of luxurious pleasures, who, if they are not warned in time, will soon have to assume the part of protegés and become the debtors of those they still fondly believe they have benefited.

AN ARYAN.

CONSUMPTION IN GERMS.

Experiments That Are Regarded as Having Thrown Much Light on the Question.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, who has been conducting a series of experiments bearing upon consumption and its prevention, has reached some intesting results which do much to explain many mysterious phases of that insidious disease. Tuberculosis, as it is known, is not confined to man, but is common among the lower animals, the cow, horse, sheep, pig, rabbit, and chicken among others, and as these are largely used for food by man, the doctor's experiments have been directed to ascertaining whether or not human beings can contract consumption by partaking of meat from animals suffering from tuberculosis or of milk from cows with tuberculosis of the mammary glands.

The result of several hundred experiments conducted at the laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania leaves no room for doubt that consumption can be, and beyond question very often is, contracted by eating tuberculous meats. It was found that calves and pigs fed on milk infected with tuberculous material from a human source contracted consumption, and the converse would seem probable.

An especially interesting experiment of Dr. Dixon was upon a dog. That animal has an acid gastric secretion even stronger than that of man, and for this reason many bacteriologists have selected him for crucial tests of the theory that tuberculosis is intercommunicable between man and animals. Many attempts to communicate consumption to dogs by feeding them on tuberculous food have failed, but not satisfied with these, and believing that with dogs as with men some are disposed to consumption while others escape it, the doctor pushed his experiments in the hope that he would find some of the animals in a physical condition especially susceptible to tuberculosis. Selecting a healthy dog about five months old, Dr. Dixon permitted his stomach to become quite empty and then gave him as his first meal some infected cow's meat.

For several days the dog's diet was partly made up of tuberculous meat, and in a short time he began to grow thin and to present every physical appearance of a consumptive, dying in a few weeks. The post-mortem examination gave every indication of tuberculosis, and the bacilogical tests clearly demonstrated the presence of tubercle bacilli in the mesenteric glands.

By many experiments of this kind having satisfied himself that man can contract consumption from eating tuberculous meat and taking milk from cows whose mammary glands are affected, Dr. Dixon suggests that, in order the prevent this contagion, veterinary inspectors should be empowered to condemn all tuberculous meat, a reasonable compensation being paid to the owners of animals found in that condition; and they should visit all milk dairies and condemn every cow found suffering from tuberculosis, particularly those with mammitis. As a strong predisposition to tuberculosis is transmissible to offspring, the breeding of tuberculous animals should be prohibited by law.

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the juice of the pineapple.

"The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman when interviewed; "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down South for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case, and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out diphtheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membranes of his throat sore. Among those who have tried the cure on my recommendation I may mention Francis E. Kennett, the Board of Trade man, whose children were all down with diphtheria and were cured by this remedy."

Mr. Kennett confirmed this statement.

Each Believed the Other Dead.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

READING, April 3.—If the story told by Samuel Heffner, now in the county jail, is true, he is a victim of unfortunate circumstances. He was formerly a travelling salesman, and says that he frequently went as far West as San Francisco, leaving his wife in Kansas, where they had their home. He finally tired of that sort of life, and they returned to Shoemakersville, this county. Quarrels followed, and he finally left on a Western trip.

He passed through Johnstown four hours before the great flood last May, and went as far West as Denver. She, however, received information that he had perished in the flood and believed him dead. In the meantime he came East, and a week ago arrived in Reading with the intention of going to see his wife. He says that he was told that his wife had been dead three months, and that her funeral notices had been published in papers. He then returned to Philadelphia, where she, hearing of his arrival East and that he was alive, had him arrested in that city and brought to Reading.

The couple will probably adjust their differences. The strange part about this story is that she believed him dead and he thought she was no longer living.